

DELL

APRIL

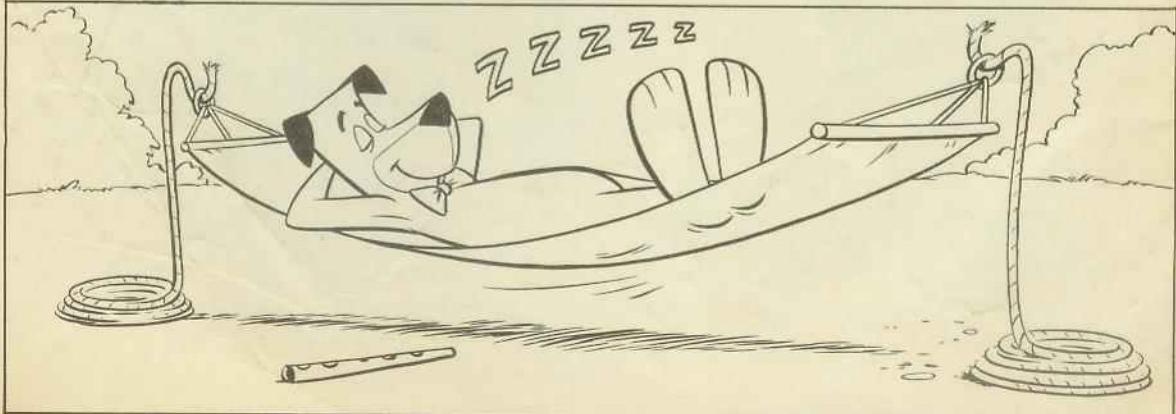
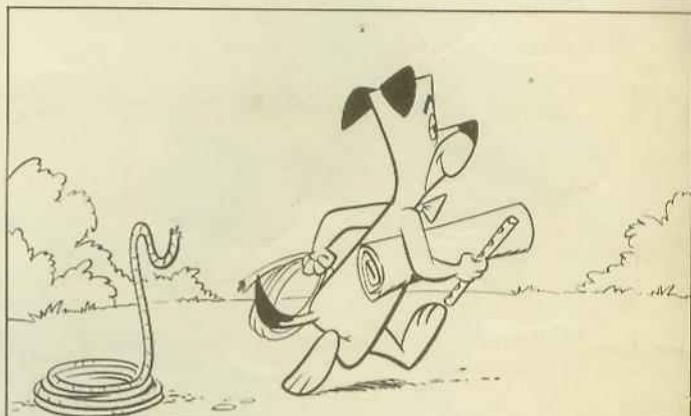
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Huckleberry Hound



Huckleberry Hound

HINDU HOLDUP



Huckleberry Hound

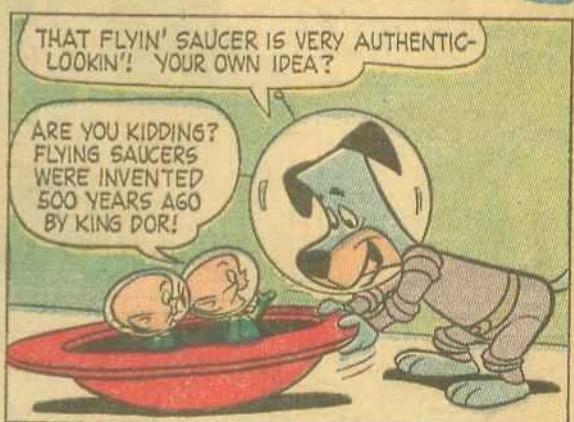
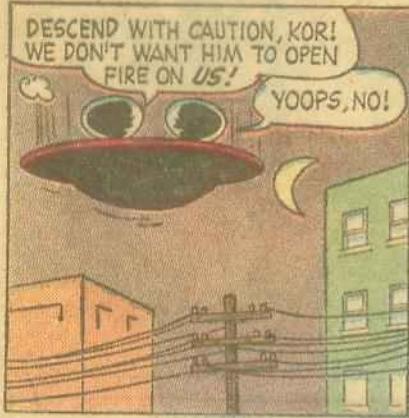
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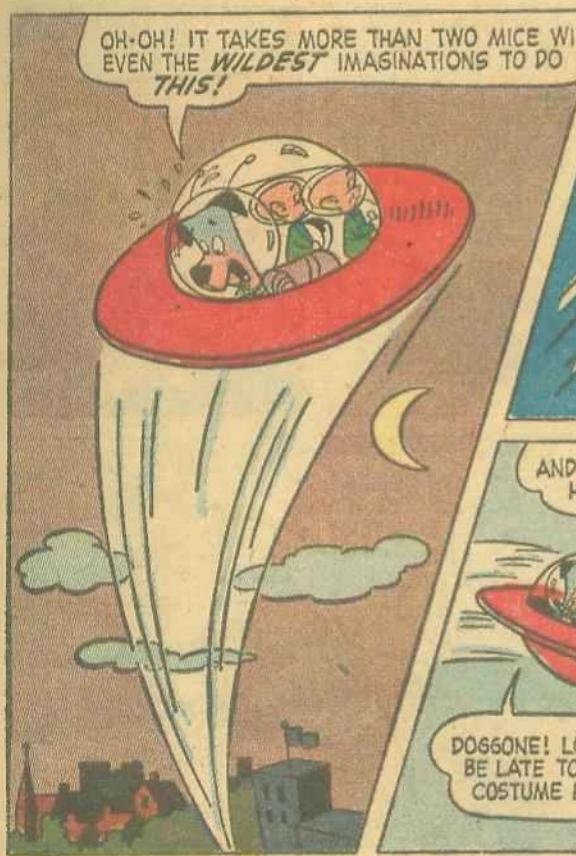


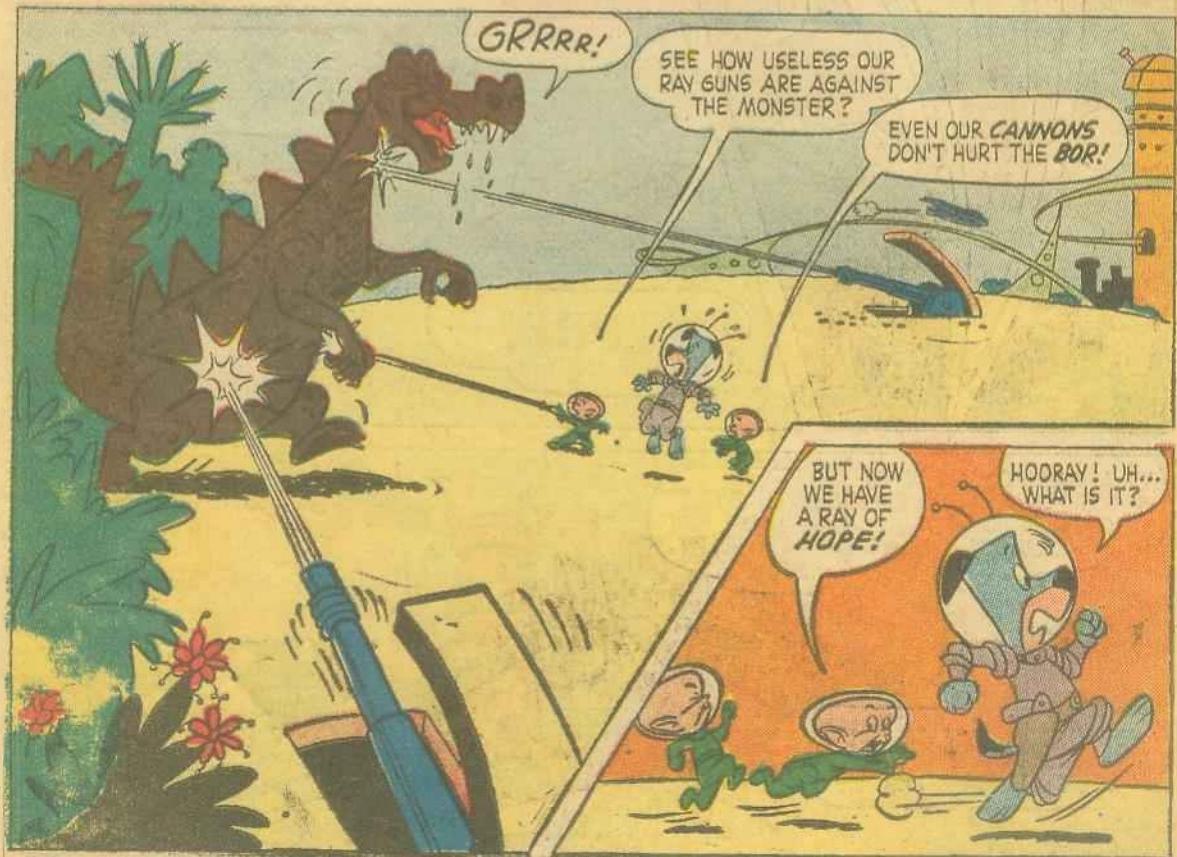
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HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, No. 10, Mar.-Apr., 1961. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Executive Vice-Presidents, William F. Callahan, Jr., Paul R. Lilly; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 75¢ per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.25 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1961, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

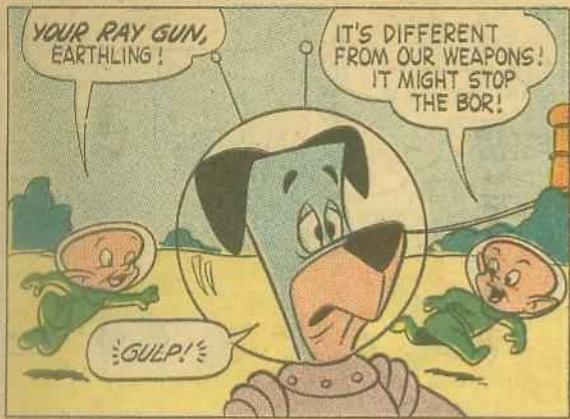
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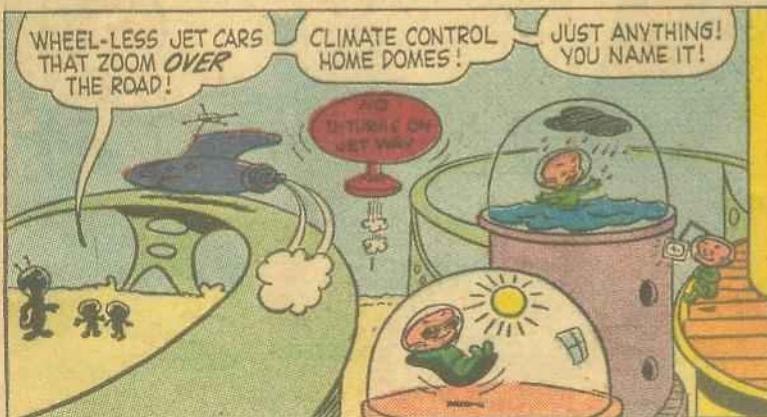


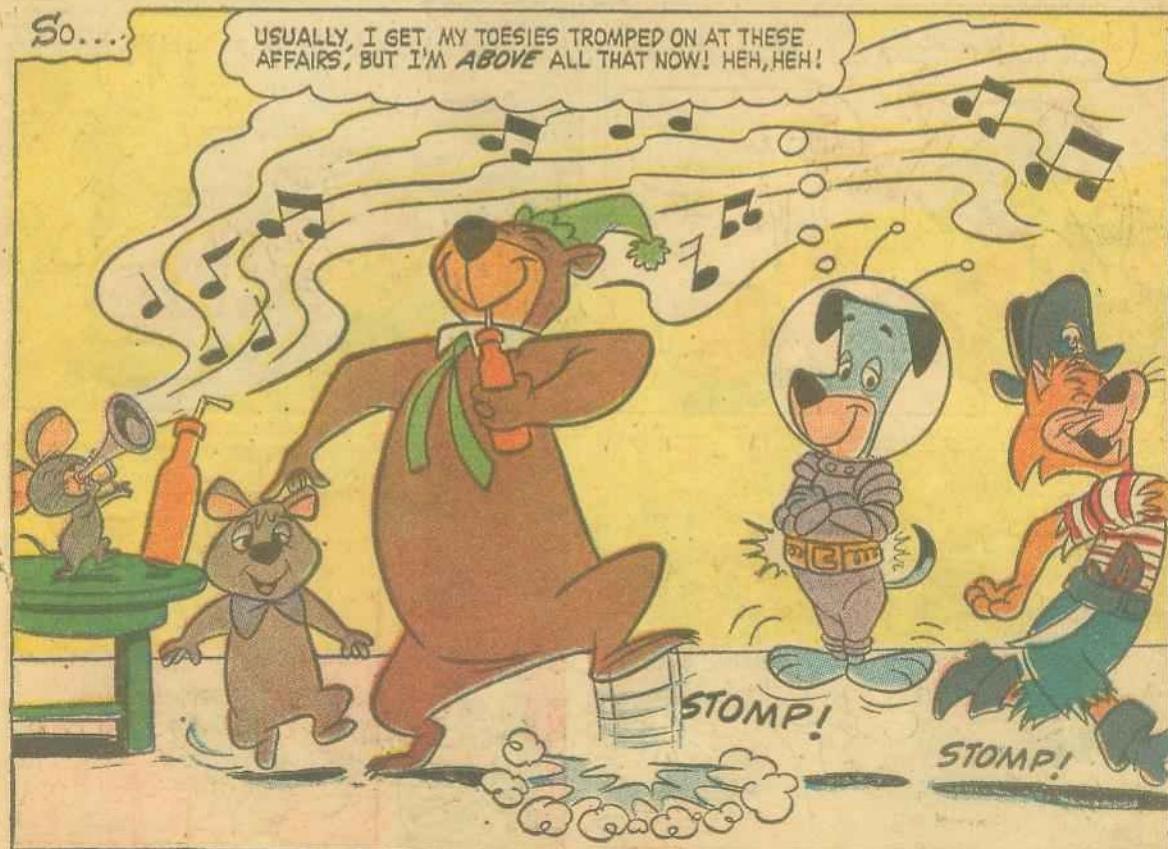












Huckleberry Hound

RUBBER KNOB ROBBER NABBER

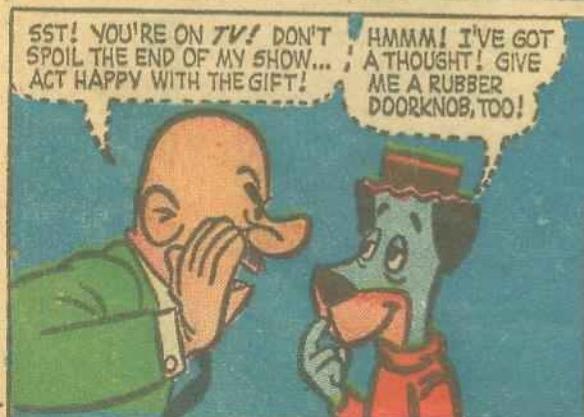












YOGI BEAR THE SHOW MUST GO

GEE, I NEVER SAW YOU WITH SUCH A LONG FACE! WHY SO SAD, DAD?

I JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE STATE COMMISSIONER OF PARKS! HE TURNED DOWN MY REQUEST FOR SOME EXTRA MONEY FOR JELLYSTONE!



ER, I DON'T WANT TO SEEM NOSY, BUT WHAT DO WE NEED EXTRA MONEY AROUND HERE FOR?

TO FIX UP AND ENLARGE THAT OLD COMBINATION CABIN AND OFFICE OF MINE! THE ROOF IS ABOUT TO FALL IN!



THEY ARE ALSO SENDING SEVERAL RANGER TRAINEES UP HERE THIS SUMMER, AND I WON'T HAVE ENOUGH BUNKS FOR THEM!

I'VE GOT SOME ROOM IN MY CAVE, IF THEY DON'T MIND LOUD SNORING!



THANKS ANYWAY, FELLAS, BUT I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE SOMETHING ELSE OUT!

HMM! I WONDER WHY THAT OLD COMMISSIONER COOT WON'T MAKE WITH THE LOOT?



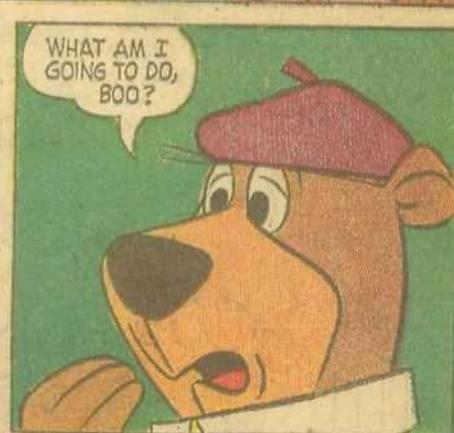
I SURE WOULD LIKE TO HELP THE RANGER OUT! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN GOOD TO US!

YEAH, IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD SHOW OUR GRATITUDE!





NEXT DAY...







A DUCK IN LUCK



"Hey, Foxy, whatever are you doing inside that funny-looking cage?" Biddy Buddy quacked good-naturedly.

Foxy Fox looked embarrassed and stammered, "W-Well, I was just . . . uh . . . trying to invent something, and . . . uh . . . I got myself locked inside here."

Foxy thought to himself, "I can't tell Biddy Buddy the truth — that I'm just dying for a duck dinner, and that what I was inventing was really a trap to catch him."

"Biddy," Foxy pleaded, "please unlatch the cage door so I can get out."

"Be glad to," Biddy agreed. And upon doing so, he waddled off toward the meadow, down where the big trees with the hanging vines grow, down where the June bugs play baseball.

"Why is it," Foxy growled to himself, "that I can never catch that duck? Why can't I have a delicious duck dinner? I can't stand it! I can't stand it! I can't!"

Foxy flung himself down in a poutish fit and beat the ground with his fists.

Finally he sat up. "I can't go on like this, and besides, my fists hurt! I'm a fox and supposed to be smart. There must be some way to catch that duck!"

"I've tried cages and traps and snares and tricks and treats and ideas, old and new," he moaned. "I've even thought of schemes in my dreams, but nothing ever works."

Foxy kicked at some ants who were drilling beside their anthill. "Guess I'll follow Biddy Buddy down to the meadow. Maybe I can think of a really clever scheme."

Crawling stealthily through a thicket, Foxy glanced down at the meadow. There was

Biddy Buddy, not only watching the June bugs play baseball, but acting as umpire and settling minor disputes that arose from time to time.

"I must have that duck," Foxy drooled. "If only I could swoop down silently from the sky like a bird." He paused. "That's it . . . like a bird!"

Quickly he loosened a vine that grew from one of the big trees nearby. "I'll swing down and grab off that duck. Since he's facing the other way, he'll never see me coming. Here goes!"

Down swung Foxy toward the unsuspecting Biddy. As he picked up speed Foxy called out, "Here I come you delicious duck, duck, DUCK!"

Just then Biddy Buddy said, "Did someone say 'duck'?" And so he did duck — just as Foxy passed harmlessly overhead, clawing wildly at the air. The momentum of the swing threw Foxy head-over-heels, and he crashed to earth with a dull, smashing thud.

Wearily Foxy got up. He shook his head till it stopped buzzing. Then as he slowly trudged away, Foxy Fox muttered to himself, "There must be an easier way to get a duck dinner. I guess I'll just go over to Joe's Diner down by the railroad tracks and buy one."

Meanwhile, Biddy was looking around. "Goodness me," he quacked, "I wonder what that strange thing was that zipped past my head just now? Oh, well," he shrugged, "it really doesn't matter.

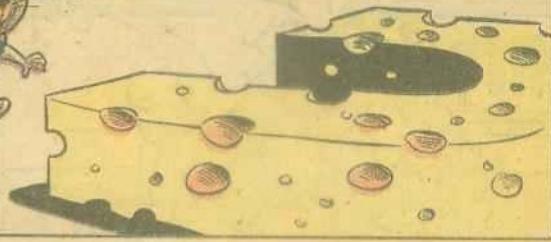
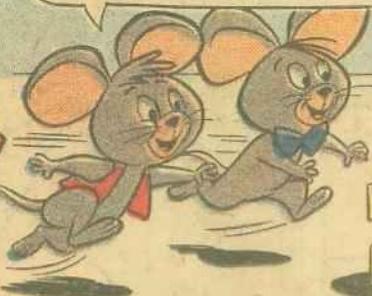
"Come on, June bugs," Biddy Buddy called out happily, "now let's finish up the rest of that baseball game!"

**PIXIE, DIXIE
and
MR. JINKS**

the **TRICKY TREAT**

OH, DROOL-A-POOL! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT JINKS WOULD LEAVE A BIG TREAT LIKE THAT UNSGUARDED!

IT'S GOT SUCH AN UN-CHEESY SHAPE, TOO... BUT IT WON'T MATTER TO MY HUNGRY TUMMY, AND I JUST CAN'T STOP ZOOMING AT ALL THAT YUMMY!



HEY! WHAT.
WHY...? WHOO!

SOME INVISIBLE
FORCE IS
FLIPPING US!

OOF! WE'RE ENDING UP WITH
OUR WRONG ENDS UP!

OW!



HEY... I... I CAN'T
PULL AWAY FROM IT!

UGH! THERE'S SOMETHING
FISHY ABOUT THIS CHEESE!

HO-HO! YOU MEECES ARE
COOKED GEESES!



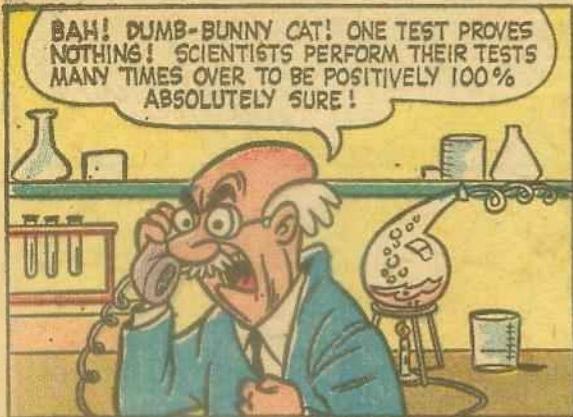
MR. JINKS!
SO THIS IS
YOUR
TRICKY
TREAT!

YEP! YOU HAVE JUST BEEN ATTRACTED
POSITIVELY AND TRAPPED
NEGATIVELY BY A MOST
MODERN INVENTION, THE
MOUSE MAGNET!

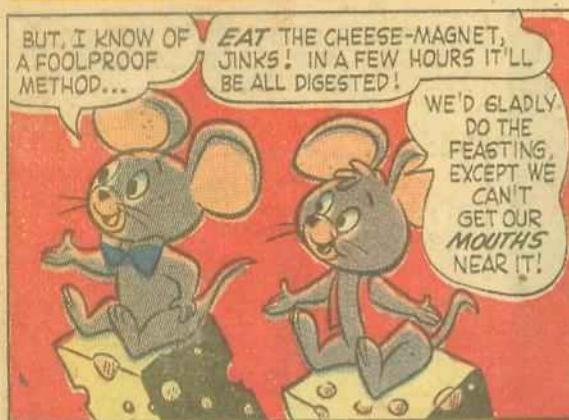
(SNIFF!) SEEMS TO BE
REAL CHEESE THAT'S BEEN
SPECIALY TREATED!

HEY, PROFESSOR MONSTER... YOUR INVENTION
IS A SMASH HIT... IT JUST
CAUGHT MY TWO MEECES!





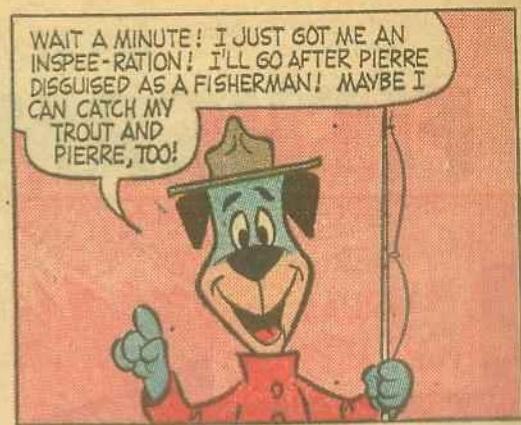


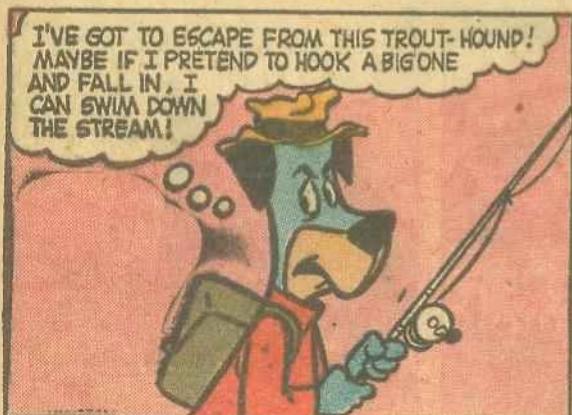


Huckleberry Hound

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

















YOGI BEAR THE HELPER

WE CAN'T COOK
WITHOUT A FIRE,
HENRY!

I'M STILL
LOOKING FOR
WOOD!



BUT THE PARK HAS BEEN PICKED
CLEAN...NOT A TWIG OF FIREWOOD
AROUND!

SMART-TYPE IDEA!



If I were a tugboat



I'd toot my whistle for
Kraft Fudgies (both kinds-Chocolate and Vanilla)

They're Toot-Toot-Too-rific!—

Kraft Fudgies! Creamy smooth and just
busting with energy. In bars of six, or ask mom
to buy you the big bag—you get
a lot of candy for your money either way!

Kraft makes Fudgies
like Kraft makes everything - and that's good!

See Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-TV, Wednesday nights

